

Sport upon Sport: 3
OR THE
Conceited HUMOURS,
OF
Simpleton the Smith.

A DROLL ENTERTAINMENT,

Written by SHAKESPEAR.



DEVIZES, Printed and Sold by T. BURROUGH. 1774.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

OLD SIMPLETON, a Smith.

YOUNG SIMPLETON, his Son.

DOLL, a Widow's Daughter.

Enter Old Simpleton.

O. S. **I**F ever a Dog was weary of his Day, then have I cause to be weary of my life. I am Blacksmith by my Trade, and altho' I say it, I have been counted a good Workman too, but I could never yet forge or hammer out Means enough to satisfy the insatiate Gut of my Son Simpleton, he hath a Stomach may well defy a Giant, or the great eater of Kent, for no sooner is his Head out of the ale, but his nose is in the Cupboard. But I have thought upon a course, which he shall either take in hand, or graze with Hob my horse. Sirrah Simpleton, where are you?

Young Simp. within. Here, here Father.

O. S. Where, where; Sirrah?

Y. S. At the Cupboard, Father, at the Cupboard.

O. S. I thought as much, but come up hither, Sirrah, or I'll wring your Ears off.

Enter Young Simpleton with a great Piece of Bread and Butter.

Y. S. 'Tis a miserable condition that a man cannot eat a little bit for his afternoon's luncheon, but he must be disturbed in the best of his stomach.

O. S. A bit dost thou call it! O my conscience! this devouring Rascal, old as I am, would eat me if he found me in the cupboard.

Y. S.

T. S. I do not think there is such a genteel Smith in the Town, that hath such an old niggardly coxcomb for his Father as I: He knows I have no better stomach than a young Green Sickness Girl, and yet he grutches me every bit I eat. *Aside.*

O. S. Leave off your muttering, and lend me an ear a while.

T. S. Truly I cannot spare one, Father: yet now I think on't, you have a great occasion for one ever since the last Pillory day; but since you are my father, I will vouchsafe to listen a while.

O. S. You know that I am old.

T. S. The more's the pity you were not hang'd when you were young.

O. S. Thou hast drank most of my Means away.

T. S. I'll eat out the Rest.

O. S. Leave off your ill-breeding, and give me a sensible reason why you will not work.

T. S. Because I am lazy Father.

O. S. Nay that's true.

T. S. True! why, do you think I would be so unmannerly as to tell you a lie Father.

O. S. How I shall maintain that coming stomach of yours, unless yourself endeavour for it, I know not; but if thou wilt be ruled, I'll make thee a man.

T. S. A man! why what am I now, a mouse? what would you make of me?

O. S. An afs, an afs, a gross afs.

T. S. You may well make a gross afs, you have so good a pattern.

O. S. Listen to me: you know the widow's daughter at the corner, sweet Mrs. Dorothy; she's both young and handsome, and has money too.

T. S. Ay, and that will help to buy victuals.

O. S.

O. S. Go and woo her, and I dare lay my life thou carriest her.

T. S. I carry her, Father? alas, I have but a weak back, and besides I am somewhat lazily given as you say: it were a great deal better that she should carry me.

O. Simpleton, Thou hast no more wit than my hammer's head has, and no more brains than an anvil, which every one may strike upon, but never move it: Go take your Fiddle, at that they say you are excellent; and when she thanks thee from her chamber-window, say thou art my son, and that I sent thee about the thing that she wots of.

T. S. O must I bumfiddle her under her chamber-window? Well, I will go and wash my hands and starch my face, because I would go cleanly about my business. *[Exit.]*

Enter Young Simpleton with a Violin.

T. S. Now must I go play an Alampadoe under Mrs. Dorothy's chamber-window, and all that time perhaps she is snorting: for to say the truth, my music will hardly have the virtue to waken her, and if she should awake, I could not tell what to say to her, unless it were to desire her to go to bed again. But because I will be sure to be acceptable to her, I will join my Nightingale voice thereunto.

Enter a Gentleman, passing and saying,

Gent. What slave is this presumes to court my mistress? Could I but see him, I would satisfy my anger with the ruin of his limbs, but he is gone and I loose time in seeking. *Exit.*

T. Sim. That was a roaring rogue, he has made my heart jump upright into my mouth, and if I had not held it there with my teeth, doubtless it had forsaken

taken my body ; but he is gone and I will venture forward.

Enter a second Gentleman.

2 *Gent.* I heard some Music at my sweet heart's window ; could I now but find the catgut-scraper I would cut him and flath him, 'till his whole body were anatomized, but he is gone, and it was his wisest course. *Exit.*

T. S. That roaring rogue was far worse than the t'other, he has almost frightened my song out of my Head. Oh ! we true and faithful lovers, what perils and dangers we must undergo, to gain the wills and affections of our dearest dears ? And now to my music, and that she may love me the better, I will sing a song that will make her believe all the girls in the town are running mad for me.

Young Simpleton sings.

T'other Day I courted Ruth,
A buxom wench she was in truth,
I lov'd, I own I lov'd ;
But being of a tender frame,
One spark soon set me in a flame,
From girl to girl I rov'd ;
I promis'd Ruth I would prove true,
The very same I promis'd Sue,
And likewise Kate and Joan ;
'Till twenty sweet-hearts I had got,
And yet I could not single out,
But DOL to be my own.

Well if she does not run mad for me now, it is pitty she should have Music under her Window as long as she lives.

Doll

Doll. Oh is it you? I thought none but a puppy like yourself would have disturbed the neighbours with your gridiron music; a saw were far more pleasing.

T. Simpleton, Forsooth I am very sorry that you have no better skill in music; in my opinion I sung most melodiously: but if you will be pleased to look upon me with eyes of judgment, you will express your love in a better manner to me.

Doll. If you continue here, I shall express my love to you in a far worse manner than you think of. Do you see this chamber-pot? It longs to be acquainted with that brainless head of yours: therefore be gone, and save yourself a washing.

T. S. If you should wash me, I think it would be but labour in vain; yet if you please to distill any of your sweet water upon me, I shall desire to be smelt out by you.

Doll. You afs, you puppy; must you needs force a drowning? [*Throws the chamber-pot upon him*]

T. Sim. Is this the beginning of Love? It is almost as bad as the proverb to me. Stay, it may be Rose-water. Vaugh! it is as rank urine as ever any Doctor cast. I'll call this same Old Simpleton my father, who set me about this business. O father Simpleton, where are you?

Old Sim. O my lad, how hast thou sped, boy?

Young Simpleton, Oh! I have sped most abominably, father; I got a great deal more than I expected.

O. Sim. Oh! my own natural boy!

T. Sim. Ay, natural to be sure, I had never come here else.

O. S. But how did she relish thee?

Y. S. Why she relish'd me with a whole chamber-pot full of water.

O. S. Why thou afs, thou puppy, thou fool, thou coxcomb.

Y. S. Why? how can I help it? why did you get me so like a fool?

O. S. Come, shew me to her, and you shall see how I will handle her.

Y. S. Fy, father, I should be loath to marry her after you have had the handling of her.

O. Sim. This is her chamber, is it not?

Y. Sim. Yes; I know it by a good token; for here she opened the Sluce, and let the flood-gates ut upon me.

O. S. Mrs. Dorothy, Mrs. Dorothy, pray come to the Window.

Y. S. Pray to the window Mrs. Dorothy.

O. S. Sirrah, hold your tongue.

Doll. What again? sure this whole morning is nothing but my trouble: what wise-aker's that now?

Y. S. She calls you wise-aker: speak now.

O. S. I am your neighbour, Old Simpleton the Smith.

Y. S. And I Young Simpleton the Smith.

Doll. O neighbour, is it you? Here was your son but now, and kept a worse noise than a bear-baiting: but you are civil, I will come down to you.

Old Simp. Look you there sirrah; she will come down to me she says.

Y. S. Ay, by that time I have been a courtier as long as you have been, one woman or other may come down to me.

Enter Doll.

Doll. Good-morrow neighbour, what is your bu-
pray?

Y. S. Why it is this: this is my son, it is my son
e you. Y. S.

Y. S. Yes forsooth, he is sure I am his son, my mother told him so.

Doll. Now I look better upon him, he seems to me more handsome than before, your company seasons him with discretion; but what's your business pray Sir?

O. S. Why, if you please forsooth, I would fain join you two together in the way of Matrimony.

Y. S. Yes forsooth, to mock a marriage.

Doll. But hold, what Estate has your son in posse?

Y. S. Father, what estate have I in a possiet?

O. S. Forsooth two cows you shall have with him.

Y. S. With a calf to my knowledge.

O. S. Snap, of our Swes and lambs, and a horse to ride to market upon.

Y. S. Yes and an ass. — No, now I think on't, you may keep your ass yourself.

O. S. Four Marks in money, a bed and blankets.

Y. S. And then we may dance the shaking of the sheets, when we can.

Doll. These promises are fair, and if performed, I hope I shall not need repent my bargain.

Y. Simple. Not I neither; come, let's to bed presently, and afterwards we'll talk on it.

Doll. No, no, first to church, and then to bed.

Y. S. Oh! then you won't follow the fashion; for people generally go to bed first, and to church when they can: but come I'm contented. What a rare virtuous wife I shall have!

Doll. *Aside.* Poor Simpleton's Head, e'er he comes to bed,

With a good Pair of Horns I will crown;

 He'll serve for a name, to screen me from shame,
And the scandal and malice of Town.

Exeunt

